

A  
COLLECTION

OF

Scots Proverbs,

CONTAINING ALL THE

*Wise Sayings and Pithy Observations*

OF THE

OLD PEOPLE OF SCOTLAND.

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BY ALLAN RAMSAY,

THE FAMOUS SCOTS POET,

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I will hae books gin I suld sell my kye.

VOX POPULI VOX DEI.

*That maun be true that a' Men say.*

---

KILMARNOCK:

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# Scots Proverbs.

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## A

- A BEGUN turn is half ended  
A blate cat makes a proud mouse  
A black hen lays a white egg  
A blithe heart makes a blooming look  
Abundance of law breaks nae law  
A hungry stomach is aye craving  
A cock's aye cruse on his ain middin  
A dog winna youk if ye fell him wi' a bane  
A dog's life, meikle ease meikle hunger  
A drink is shorter than a tale  
A dry simmer ne'er made a dear peck  
A dumb man wins nae law  
A bird in the hand is worth ten fleein'  
Ae good turn deserves anither  
Ae hand winna wash the ither for nought  
Ae swallow makes nae simmer  
Ae scabbed sheep will smit the hale hirdsel  
A fool may gie a wise man a counsel  
A friend in need is a friend indeed  
Aft counting keeps friends lang the gither  
Aft times the cautioner pays the debt  
A fou purse never lacks friends  
A good cow may hae an ill ca'f  
A good word is as soon said as an ill  
A good tale is no the waur to be twice tald  
A good name is sooner tint than won  
A good fellow is a costly name  
A hungry man smelis meat far  
A hungry louse bites sair  
A hungry man's aye angry  
Ale sellers shou'd na be tale tellers  
A liar should hae a good memory  
A light purse makes a heavy heart  
A' the corn's no shorn by kempers

A's no tint that's in hazard  
 A' Stewarts are no sib to the king  
 A's well that ends well  
 A' things are good untry'd  
 A man canna bear a' his kin on his back  
 A man at five may be a fool at fifteen  
 A man may be kind and gie little o' his gear  
 A man's well or wae, as he thinks himself sae  
 A misty morning may be a clear day  
 A mouthfu' of meat may be a townfu' of shame  
 A muffled cat was ne'er a good hunter  
 An auld mason makes a good bartow-man  
 An auld sack craves much clouting  
 An auld pock is aye skailing  
 An auld dog bites sicker  
 An ill shearer never gat a good hook  
 An ill cow may have a good calf  
 An ill plea should be well pled  
 An ill turn is soon done  
 An ill servant ne'er prov'd a good master  
 Ane never tines by doing good  
 Anes paid never crav'd  
 Anes a whore and aye a whore  
 Ane may bind a sack before it be fu'  
 Ane is no sae soon heal'd as hurt  
 Ane will gar a thousand lie  
 A new besom sweeps clean  
 A nod of an honest man is enough  
 A ragged colt may prove a good gelding  
 A rowing stane gathers nae fog  
 As broken a ship has come to land  
 As brisk as bottled ale  
 As lang lives the merry man as the sad  
 As fair fight wrens as cranes  
 As tired as a tike is of lang kail  
 As the sow fills the draff sours  
 As the auld cock craws the young one learns  
 As the fool thinks the bell clinks

A sillerless man gangs fast through the market  
 A sorrowfu' heart's aye dry  
 At open doors dogs gae ben  
 A tarrowing bairn was never fat  
 A taking hand will never want  
 A tale never tines in the telling  
 A tocherless dame sits lang at hame  
 A toom purse makes a pratling merchant  
 A toom pantry makes a thriftless gudewife  
 A turn well dose is soon done  
 A twapenny cat may look at the king  
 A wee bush is better than nae bield  
 A wee mouse can creep under a great corn stack  
 A wee house has a wide mouth  
 A wee thing fleys cowards  
 A wilfu' man should be unco wise  
 Auld men are twice bairns  
 Auld sparrows are ill to tame

B

BARE gentry braggand beggars  
 Be a friend to yoursel and others will  
 Be lang sick that ye may be soon hale  
 By guess as the blind man fell'd the dog  
 Beggars shoudna be choosers  
 Better a bit in the morning than fast a' day  
 Better a deil than a daw  
 Better a dog fawn on you than bark at you  
 Better a finger aff than aye wagging  
 Better an auld maiden than a young whore  
 Better a toom house than an ill tenant  
 Better auld debts than auld sairs  
 Better to be alane than in ill company  
 Better to be idle than ill employed  
 Better belly burst than good meat spill  
 Better buy than barrow  
 Better day the better deed  
 Better find iron than tine siller

Better haud by a hair than draw with a tether  
 Better hand loose than in an ill tethering  
 Better kiss a knave than cast out wi' him  
 Better keep well than make well  
 Better lang something than soon naething  
 Better leave to my faes than beg frae my friends  
 Better rue sit than rue flit  
 Better sit idle than work for nought  
 Better skaith sav'd than mends made  
 Better sma' fish than nae fish  
 Better the ill ken'd than the good unken'd  
 Better to hand than to draw  
 Better unborn than untaught  
 Better wait on the cook than the doctor  
 Better wear shoon than sheets  
 Birds of a feather flock together  
 Birth's good but breeding's better  
 Blind men should na judge of colours  
 Blood's thicker than water  
 Burnt bairns the fire dread

## C

CADGERS have aye mind of lade saddles  
 Cast a bane in the deil's teeth  
 Charity begins at hame  
 Come unca'd sits unseiv'd  
 Comes to my hand like the bowl of a pint stoup  
 Come wi' the wind and gae wi' the water  
 Confess debt and crave days  
 Corn him well he'll work the better  
 Count again is not forbidden  
 Count siller after a' your kin  
 Credit keeps the crown of the causey  
 Credit is better than ill luck  
 Crooked carlin, quoth the carle to his wife

## D

DAMING and laving is good sure fishing  
 Dwated bairns do bear little  
 Day light will peep through a small hole

Death and marriage make term-day  
 Death defies the doctors  
 Delays are dangerous  
 Do well and dread nae shame  
 Do well and have well  
 Do what you ought and come what will  
 Do the likeliest and hope the best  
 Do as the lasses do, say no, and take it  
 Double drinks are good for drouth  
 Double charges rive cannons  
 Draff's good enough for swine  
 Drink little that ye may drink lang  
 Dree out the inch when ye have thol'd the span

## E

EAT well's drink well's brother  
 Eating and drinking wants but a beginning  
 Either live or die with honour  
 Evening oats are good morning fother  
 Enough's as good as a feast  
 Every ane creeshes the fat sow's arse  
 Every one kens best where his ain shoe nips him  
 Every crow thinks its ain bird whitest  
 Every man wears his belt his ain gait  
 Every man's tale is good till another's be tauld  
 Every man has his ain draff pock  
 Experience teaches fools

## F

FAINT heart never won a fair lady  
 Fair heights make fools fain  
 Fair words winna gar the pot play  
 Fancy kills and cures  
 Fancy flees before the wind  
 Far away fowls have fair feathers  
 Feckless fouk are aye fain of ane anither  
 Fiddlers dogs, and flesh flies, come to feasts unca'  
 Fine feathers make fine birds

Fire and water are good servants but bad masters  
 Flaes and a girning wife are wakerife bed fellows  
 Fleying a bird is not the gate to grip it  
 Fools shou'd na hae chapping sticks  
 Fools make feasts and wise men eat them,  
 The wise make jests, and fools repeat them  
 For fashion's sake as dogs gang to the market  
 Forbid a fool a thing and that he will do  
 Foul water slockens fire  
 Friendship canna stand aye on ae side  
 Fresh fish and poor friends grow soon ill far'd  
 Frost and fa'shood have baith a dirty wa' gang

## G

GENTLE paddocks have long tae  
 Giff gaff makes good friends  
 Give a dog an ill name and he'll soon be hang'd  
 Give a man luck and fling him in the sea  
 Give o'er when the play's good  
 Give them tow enough and they'll hang themsel's  
 Give you an inch you'll take an ell  
 Glasses and lasses are bruckle ware  
 Good ale needs nae wisp  
 Good bairns get broken brows  
 Good watch prevents harm  
 Good ware make a quick market  
 Gowd may be dear coft  
 Great barkers are nae biters  
 Gut nae fish till ye get them

## H

HAE gars a deaf man hear  
 Hair and hair make the carle's beard bare  
 Hame is hame though it were never so hamely  
 Hand in use is father of lair  
 Hang hunger and drown drouth  
 Had a halfpenny is gear enough  
 Have ye gear have ye nane, tinc heart and a's gane

He brings a staff to break his ain head  
 He comes aftener with the rake than the shool  
 He complains early that complains of his kail  
 He cares na whase bairn greet if his laugh  
 He can say Jo and think it no  
 He can hide his meat and seek mair  
 He can see an inch before his nose  
 He does na aye ride when he saddles his horse  
 He fells twa dogs wi' ae stane  
 He gat his kail in a riven dish  
 He has gotten the boot and the better beast  
 He has meikle prayer, but little devotion  
 He has come to good by misguiding  
 He has an eye in his neck  
 He has gotten a bite of his ain bridle  
 He has the best end of the string  
 He has't of kind he cost it not  
 He has feather'd his nest, he may flee when he likes  
 He has cowped the mickle dish into the little  
 He has gotten the whip hand of him  
 He has licket the butter aff my bread  
 He has a crap for a' corn  
 He kens na a B by a bull's foot  
 He kens whilk side his cake is buttered on  
 He'll no let grass grow at his heels  
 He'll tell't to nae mair than he meets  
 He'll make an ill runner that canna gang  
 He'll wag as the bush wags  
 He may well swim that has his head hadden up  
 He maun be soon up that cheats the tod  
 He made a moon-light flitting  
 He may find fault that canna mend  
 He may laugh that wins a'  
 He rides sicker that never fa's  
 He's a fool that forgets himself  
 He's gane to the dog-draive  
 He's born deaf on that side of the head  
 He's auld, and cauld, and ill to lie beside



He's wise that's timely wary  
 He's as welcome as water in a riven ship  
 He's an Aberdeen man, take his word again  
 He's no sae daft as he lets on  
 He's a proud fox that winna scrape his ain hole  
 He's a hawk of a right nest  
 He's a silly chief that can neither do nor say  
 He's the gear that winna traik  
 He's weel wordy sorrow that buys it  
 He's like the sing'd cat, better than he's likely  
 He sleeps as dogs do when wives sift meal  
 He that blows best let him bear the horn  
 He that clatters to himself talks to a fool  
 He that canna mak sport shou'd mar nane  
 He that does you an ill turn will ne'er forgie you  
 He that deals in dirt has aye foul fingers  
 He that gets forgets, but he that wants thinks on't  
 He that has a good crop may thole some thistles  
 He that has meikle wad aye hae mair  
 He that has but ae eye maun tent that well  
 He that has a muckle nose thinks ilk ane speaks o't  
 He that's ill to himself will be good to naebody  
 He that lends his pot may seethe his kail in his loof  
 He that laughs at his ain sport spills the sport o't  
 He that lippens to bodden ploughs, his land lies lee  
 He that lives upon hope has a slim diet  
 He that looks to freets, freets follow him  
 He that shaws his purse bribes the thief  
 He that sleeps with dogs maun rise with flaes  
 He that seeks notes gets notes  
 He that speers all opinions comes ill speed  
 He that teaches himself has a fool for his master  
 He that winna when he may, shanna when he wad  
 He that wad eat the kirnal maun crack the nut  
 He that winna thole maun flit mony a hole  
 He was the bee that made the honey  
 He wad gang a mile to flit a sow  
 He winna send you away with a sair heart

He wat's nae whilk end o' him's uppermost  
 He woos me for cake and pudding  
 Hens are aye free of horse corn  
 His auld brass will buy a new pan  
 His bark is waur than his bite  
 His heart's in his hose  
 His room's better than his company  
 His tongue's nae slander  
 His tongue's no in his pouch  
 Hunger is good kitchen  
 Hungry dogs are blithe of bursten puddings  
 Hungry stewards wear mony shoon

## I

I BAKE nae bread by your shins  
 I can scarce believe you, ye speak sae fair  
 I canna afford you both tale and lugs  
 I have gi'en a stick to break my ain head  
 I have another tow on my rock  
 I have mair ado than a dish to wash  
 I have tane the sheaf frae the mare  
 I have baith my meat and my mense  
 I have seen mair than I have eaten  
 I ken by my cog wha milks my cow  
 I'll gie you a meeting as Mungo gae his mither  
 I'll gar his ain garters tye up his ain hose  
 I'll gar him draw his belt to his ribs  
 I'll never dirty the bonnet I'm going to put on  
 I'll never lout sae laigh and lift sae little  
 I like not to make a toil of pleasure  
 I'm o'er auld a cat to draw a strae before  
 I'm no every man's dog that whistles on me  
 I'm no obliged to summer and winter it to you  
 I might bring a better speaker frae hame than you  
 I may come to break an egg in your pouch  
 I never liked a dry bargain  
 I never lo'ed meat that crawled in my craigie  
 I think mair of your kindness than it's a' worth

I wadna fother you for your muck  
 I wadna ca' the king my cousin  
 I wad rather see't than hear tell o't  
 I winna make fish of ane and flesh of another  
 I wish you readier meat than a running hare  
 I wish you as muckle good o't as dogs get o' grass  
 If any spier at ye, ye may say, ye dinna ken  
 If e'er I find his cart tumbling, I'se gie a put  
 If I canna keep geese I'll keep gaislins  
 If I canna do't by night I'll do't by flight  
 If I live anither year, I'll ca' this year fernyear  
 If it can be nae better, it is well it is nae waur  
 If it serves me to wear it may gain you to look to  
 If it winna sell it winna sour  
 If ye brew well, ye'll drink the better  
 If ye do wrang, make amends  
 If ye serve the tod, ye maun bear up his tail  
 Ill bairns are best heard at hame  
 Ill beef never made good broo  
 Ill comes upon the waur's back  
 Ill counsel will gar a man stick his mare  
 Ill doers are aye ill dreaded  
 Ill getting het water frae 'neath could ice  
 Ill hearing makes wrang rehearsing  
 Ill laying up makes mony thieves  
 Ill news are aft owre true  
 Ill payers are aye good cravers  
 Ill workers are aye good to-putters  
 Ill-will never spake well  
 Joke at leisure, ye kenna wha may jybe yoursel  
 Jook and let the jaw gae o'er  
 It gangs in at the ae lug and out at the ither  
 It is a good game that fills the wame  
 It is a good tongue that says nae ill  
 It is an ill wind that blaws naebody good  
 It is an ill cause that the lawyers think shame of  
 It is a mean mouse that has but ae hole  
 It is a nasty bird that files its ain nest

It is a poor kin that has neither whore nor thief in't  
 It is the sign of a hale heart that rift at the rumpel  
 It is a sair field where a's slain  
 It is a silly flock where the ewe bears the bell  
 It is a silly hen that canna scrape for ae bird  
 It is a tight tree that has neither knap nor gaw  
 It is a' tint that is done to auld folk and bairns  
 It is but kindly that the pock sa'r of the herring  
 It is better to sup with a cutty than want a spoon  
 It is by the head that the cow gie's milk  
 It is good maut that comes a will  
 It is good gear that pleases the merchant  
 It is good baking beside the meal  
 It is good sleeping in a hale skin  
 It is good to be out of harms gate  
 It is good to be sib to siller  
 It is hard to sit in Rome and strive with the Pope  
 It is hard to please a' parties  
 It is hard baith to have and want  
 It is ill getting breeks aff a bare arse  
 It is ill bringing butt what's no benn  
 It is kittle shooting at corbies and clergy  
 It is kittle to waken sleeping dogs  
 It is needless to pour water on a drown'd mouse  
 It is not tint that a friend gets  
 It is not what is she, but what has she  
 It is past jouking when the head's aff  
 It is well war'd that wasters want  
 It is well that our fauts are not written on our face  
 It is the best spake in your wheel  
 It keeps his nose at the grindstane  
 It will be a feather out of your wing  
 It was never for naething that the gleg whistled

## K

KEEP something for a sair foot  
 Keep your tongue within your teeth  
 Keep the feast to the feast day

Keep the staff in your ain hand  
 Keep yōur breath to cool your crowdie  
 Kend fouk's nae company  
 Kings and bears aft worry their keepers  
 Kiss a sclate stane and that winna slaver you  
 Kyth in your ain colours that fouk may ken you

## L

LAITH to bed and laith to rise  
 Lang fasting hains nae meat  
 Lang look'd for comes at last  
 Lang straes are nae mots  
 Lang ere ye saddle a foal  
 Law's costly take a pint and 'gree  
 Law makers shou'dna be law breakers  
 Laugh at leisure ye may greet ere night  
 Leave welcome behind you  
 Leave aff as lang as the play's good  
 Learn you to an ill use and ye'll ca't custom  
 Letna the plough stand to slay a mouse  
 Let bell'd weathers break the snaw  
 Let him take a spring on his ain fiddle  
 Let him cool in the skin he het in  
 Let his ain wand ding him  
 Let never sorrow come sae near your heart  
 Let the horns gang with the hide  
 Let the morn come and the meat wi't  
 Let the kirk stand in the kirkyard  
 Let them laugh that win  
 Let them care that came behind  
 Lie for him and he'll swear for you  
 Light burdens break nae banes  
 Like Scotsmen, aye wise behind the hand  
 Like the cur in the crub, he'll neither do nor let do  
 Like's an ill mark  
 Like a sow playing on a trump  
 Lippen to me but look to yoursell  
 Little kend the less car'd for

Little odds between a feast and a fu' wame  
 Loud at the loon was ne'er a good milk cow  
 Love's as warm amang cotters as courtiers  
 Love your friend and look to yoursel

## M

MAIDENS' bairns are aye well bred  
 Mair by luck than good guiding  
 Mair hamely than welcome  
 Make ae lang step and down ye gae  
 Make a kirk or a mill o't  
 Make the best of an ill bargain  
 Make your hay when the sun shines  
 Malice is aye mindfu'  
 May-bees flee not at this time of the year  
 Meat and mass hinders no man  
 Men are not to be met by inches  
 Mickle wad aye hae mare  
 Mickle-mouth'd fouk have aye hap to their meat  
 Money makes a man free ilka where  
 Mony hands make light wark  
 Mony masters, quoth the paddock to the harrow  
 Mony hounds may soon worry ae hare  
 Mony excuses that pishes the bed  
 Mony a ane serves a thankless master  
 Mony wyte their wife for their ain thriftless life  
 Mony dogs die or ye fa' heir  
 Mony a ane's gear has hastened his hinder end  
 Mony aunts money eems, mony kin and few friends  
 Mony good nights is laith away  
 Mony ways to kill a dog though ye dinna hang him  
 Mony cooks ne'er made good kail  
 Mony a ane speirs the gate they ken fu' well  
 Must is a king's word  
 My tongue is no beneath your belt  
 My son's my son aye till he get a wife, my daugh-  
 ter's my daughter a' the days of her life  
 My market's made, ye may lick a whip shaft

N

NAE fool to an auld fool  
 Nae friend to a friend in need  
 Nae great loss but there's some sma' advantage  
 Nae man has a tack of his life  
 Nae man can thrive unless his wife let him  
 Nae penny nae paternoster  
 Nae sooner up than her head's in the ambry  
 Nae safe wading in unco waters  
 Nae wonder to see wasters want  
 Naething is balder than a blind mare  
 Naething to be done in haste but gripping of flaes  
 Naething to do but draw in your stool and sit down  
 Nane but fools and knaves lay wagers  
 Nane sae weel but he hopes to be better  
 Nane can play the fool sae well as a wise man  
 Narrow gathered widely spent  
 Near's my sark but nearer my skin  
 Neck or naething, the king loes nae cripples  
 Necessity has nae law  
 Neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring  
 New lords have new laws  
 Never do ill that good may come  
 Never put a sword into a madman's hand  
 Never quat certainty for hope  
 Never scad your lips in other fouks kail  
 Never seek a wife till ye ken what to do with her  
 Never shaw me the meat but the man  
 Never shaw your teeth unless you can bite  
 Never tell your fae when your foot sleeps  
 Nineteen nay-says of a maiden are half a grant  
 Now's now, and yule's in winter

O

O'ER mickle of ae thing is good for naething  
 O'er mickle loose leather about your chafts  
 O'er sicker o'er loose  
 Of a' sorrow a fou sorrow's best

Of twa ills chuse the least  
 Open confession is good for the saul  
 Out of debt out of danger  
 Oppression will make a wise man mad

**P**  
 PAY him in his ain coin  
 Pith's good in a play  
 Play's good while it is play  
 Penny wise and pound fool  
 Poor fouk's friends soon misken  
 Possession is eleven points of the law  
 Pride and grace dwell never in ae place  
 Put the saddle on the right horse  
 Put on your spurs and be at your speed

**Q**  
 QUALITY without quantity is little thought of  
 Quey ca'fs are dear veal  
 Quick for you'll never be cleanly  
 Quick at meit quick at wark  
 Quick returns make rich merchants

**R**  
 RATHER spill your joke than tine your friend  
 Raw dawds make fat lads  
 Raw leather raxes  
 Rich fouk have routh o' friends  
 Ride fair and jap nane  
 Right mixture makes good mortar  
 Right wrangs nae man  
 Rome was not bigged in ae day  
 Roose the fair day at e'en  
 Rob Peter to pay Paul  
 Rot him away with butter and eggs  
 Royet lads may make sober men  
 Rue and time grew baith at ae garden  
 Rule youth well, for eild will rule itself



SAIR cravers are aye ill payers  
 Say well and do well end with ae letter  
 Say well's good but do well is better  
 Say still no and ye'll never be married  
 Scant of cheeks makes a long nose  
 Scart the cogue wad sup mair  
 Scorn comes commonly with skaith  
 Seeing's believing a' the world o'er  
 Send you to the sea, ye'll no get saut water  
 Serve yoursell till your bairns come to age  
 Set that down on the back side of your count boock  
 Set a knave to catch a knave  
 Set a stout heart to a stay brae  
 Sharp stomachs make short graces  
 She is a wise wife that wat her ain weird  
 She looks as if butter would not melt in her mou'  
 She hauds up her head like a hen drinking water  
 She's not to be made a song of  
 She's better than she's bonny  
 Sic as ye gie sic will ye get  
 Silence grips the mouse  
 Sic reek as is therein comes out of the lum  
 Slaw at meat slaw at wark  
 Smooth waters run deep  
 Sma' fish are better than nae fish  
 Sorrow is soon enough when it comes  
 Sorrow and ill weather come unsent for  
 Some hae a hantle o' fauts ye're only a ne'er-do-well  
 Speak good of pipers your fater was a fiddler  
 Spilt ale is waur than water  
 Stuffings hauds out storms  
 Stown dints are sweetest  
 Sudden friendship, sure repentance  
 Suped out wort was ne'er good ale  
 Surfeits slay mair than swords  
 Swear by your burnt shins  
 Sweer to bed and sweer up in the morning

## T

TAKE it a' and pay the merchant  
 Take the bite and buffet we't  
 'Take a pint and 'gree, the law's costly  
 Take your ain will, and then ye'll no die of the pe  
 Take your venture as mony a good ship has done  
 Take your thanks to feed your cat  
 Take a man by his word and a cow by her horn  
 Take a hair of the dog that bit you  
 'Take me not up before I fa'  
 'Tell nae tales out of the school  
 That's a tale of twa drinks  
 That's but ae doctor's opinion  
 That's for the father but no for the son  
 'That's for that as butter's for fish  
 'That's my tale where's yours  
 'That's the piece a step-bairn never got  
 'The auld iver may die waiting for new grass  
 The back and the belly hands every ane busy  
 The better day the better deed  
 The book of May Be's is very braid  
 'The banes of a great estate is worth the piking  
 The cure may be worse than the disease  
 The cow that's first up gets the first of the dew  
 'The first fuf of a fat haggis is the baldest  
 The feathers bear away the flesh  
 The grey mare may be the best horse  
 The greatest clerks are not the wisest men  
 'The happy man canna be herried  
 The higher up the greater fa'  
 The King's errand may come in the cadger's gate  
 'The langer we live we see the mae fairlies  
 The lazy man's the baggar's brother  
 The lucky pennyworth sells soonest  
 The langest day will have an end  
 The laird may be laird and need his hind's help  
 'The mair ye greet ye'll pish the less  
 The mae the merrier, the fewer the better cheer

The mair cost the mair honour  
 The mawt is aboon the meal wi' him  
 The mair noble the mair humble  
 The master's eye makes the horse fat  
 The mair mischief the better sport  
 The pains o'ergangs the profit  
 The poor man's aye put to the warst  
 The poor man pays for a'  
 The poor man's shilling is but a penny  
 The strongest horse lousps the dike  
 The scholar may war the master  
 The still sow eats up a' the draff  
 The smith has aye a spark in his hawse  
 The simple man's the beggar's brother  
 The thieffer-like the better soger  
 The thing that's done is no to do  
 The thing that's fristed is no scrgien  
 The tod keeps aye his ain hole clean  
 The tod's whelps are ill to tame  
 The warst warld that ever was some man wan  
 The worth of a thing is best kend by the want o't  
 The warld is bound to nae man  
 The unsonsy fish gets the unlucky bait  
 There is mony a true tale tald in a jest  
 There is a measure in a' things  
 There is nane sae blind as them that winna see  
 There is naething ill said that's no ill tane  
 There was never a fair word in flyting  
 There was never a cake but it had its ain maik  
 There was never enough where naething was left  
 There is a skill in gruel making  
 There is a time to gley, and a time to look even  
 There is a great differ amang market-days  
 There is an end of an auld sang  
 There is aye life for a living man  
 There are mae ways to the wood than ane  
 There are mae married than good house-hadders  
 There never came ill after good advertisement

There is fey blood in your bed  
 There grows nae grass at the cross  
 There is life in a mussel as lang as she cheeps  
 There is little for the rake after the shool  
 There is little to sew when tailors are true  
 They are aye good that are far away  
 They are not a' saints that get holy water  
 They loo me for little that hate me for nought  
 They mense little the mouth that bite aff the nose  
 They that give you hinder you to buy  
 They that drink langest live langest  
 They that lie down for love shou'd rise for hunger  
 They wist as well that didna spier  
 They that bound with cats maun count upo' scarts  
 Thistles are a sallad for asses  
 Thole well is good for burning  
 Till ither tinklers ill may ye 'gree  
 Time tint is ne'er to be found  
 Three can keep a secret if twa be away  
 Time and thinking tame the strongest grief  
 Time and tide will tarry on nae man  
 Tine heart and a's gane  
 Tine thimble tine thrift  
 Touch a gaw'd horse on the back and he'll hing  
 True blue will never stain  
 Truth and honesty keep the crown of the causey  
 Try your friend or you need him  
 Two hungry meals make the third a glutton  
 Twa fools in a house are a couple o'er mony  
 Twa words maun gang to that bargain  
 Twa wits are better than ane  
 W  
 WANT of wit is waur than want of wealth  
 Weans maun creep ere they gang  
 Welcome is the best dish in the kitchen  
 Well, quoth Willy, when his wife dang him  
 Well is that well does

Were it not for hope, heart wad break  
 We are aye to lear as lang as we live  
 We can poind for debt, but no for unkindness  
 We can shape their wylie coat, but no their weird  
 We'll ne'er big sandy bourocks together  
 We'll bark oursel's ere we buy dogs sae dear  
 We canna baith sup and blaw  
 We maun live by the living and no by the dead  
 We are bound to be honest and no to be rich  
 Who invited you to the roast  
 Wha can haud what will awa'  
 Wha dare bell the cat  
 Wha can help misluck  
 Wha comes aftener and brings less  
 What we first lear we best ken  
 What ye win at that, ye may lick aff a het girdle  
 What carlins hain cats eat  
 What winna do by might do by sleight  
 What's my case the day may be yours the morn  
 What's waur than ill luck  
 What need a rich man be a thief  
 What canna be cured maun be endured  
 When ae door steeks anither ane opens  
 When a' men speak nae man hears  
 When drink's in wit's out  
 When friends meet hearts warm  
 When my head's down my house is theeked  
 When the cow's in the clout she's soon out  
 When the tod preaches take tent of the lambs  
 When the wame's fu' the bones wuld be at rest  
 When a' freets fail fire's good for the fearcy  
 When a ewe's drown'd she's dead  
 When you are serv'd a' the geese are water'd  
 When wine sinks words swim  
 When ye're gawn and coming the gate's no toom  
 When he dies for age ye may quack for fear  
 When ye are well haud yoursel sae  
 When the well's fu' it will rin owre

When the steed's stown lock the stable door  
 Whare the buck's bound there he maun bleet  
 Where the pig's broken let the sherds lie  
 Where drums beat laws are dumb  
 Wee things fley cowards  
 Wilfu' waste mak waefu' want  
 Wiles help weak folk  
 Will a wit strive with me  
 Winter thunder bodes summer hunger  
 Wink at wee faults, your ain are muckle  
 Wise men may be wil'd with wiles  
 Wit bought makes fowk wise  
 Wit bought is worth twa for nought  
 Work for nought makes fowk dread swear  
 Woo-sellers ken aye woo-buyers  
 Use makes perfectness  
 Wrang has nae warrant  
 Wrang count is nae payment

## Y

YE breed of the cow's tail, ye grow backward  
 Ye breed of the chapmen, ye're aye to handsel  
 Ye breed of few of the laird's tenants o'er het  
 Ye breed of gude mawt, ye're lang a coming  
 Ye crack crouselly wi' your bonnet on  
 Ye cut before the point  
 Ye cam a day after the fair  
 Ye cut lang whangs out o' ither fowk's leather  
 Ye canna make a silk purse of a sow's lug  
 Ye canna see the wood for trees  
 Ye came a clipping time  
 Ye canna preach out of your ain poupit  
 Ye come to the gait's house to steal woo  
 Ye canna do but ye o'er-do  
 Ye drive the plough before the owsen  
 Ye dinna ken where the blessing may light  
 Ye drew nae sae well when my mare was in the mill  
 Ye fand it where the Highlandman fand the tang

Ye glowr'd at the moon, and fell on the middin  
 Ye glowr like a wild cat out of a whin bush  
 Ye go far about seeking the nearest  
 Ye have run lang on little ground  
 Ye have a ready mouth for a ripe cherry  
 Ye have owre foul feet to come sae far ben  
 Ye have gotten a ravel'd hesp o't  
 Ye have a crap for a' corn  
 Ye have ta'en the measure of his foot  
 Ye have owre meikle loose leather about your chafts  
 Ye have tint your ain stomach and sun a tike's  
 Ye have fasted long and worried on a midge  
 Ye have nothing to do but suck and wag your tail  
 Ye have tint the tongue of the trump  
 Ye have staid lang and brought little wi' you  
 Ye have tane't upon you as the wife did the dancing  
 Ye have the wrang sow by the lug  
 Ye ken what drinkers dree  
 Ye live at the lug of the law  
 Ye'll neither dance nor hand the candle  
 Ye'll get nae mair of the cat but the skin  
 Ye'll no sell your hen in a rainy day  
 Ye'll ne'er cast saut on his tail  
 Ye'll no herry yoursel with your ain hands  
 Ye look liker a thief than a bishop  
 Ye'll let little gae by you unless it be the swallow  
 Ye may gang farther and fare waur  
 Ye may get waur bódies or Beltan  
 Ye may be heard where ye're no seen  
 Ye may dight your neb and fly up  
 Ye mete my pease by your ain peck  
 Ye'll drink before me  
 Ye'll find him where you left him  
 Ye may take the head for the washing  
 Ye'll get the cat wi' the twa tails  
 Ye'll beguile nane but them that lippens to you  
 Ye'll mend when ye grow better  
 Ye'll never be sae auld with sae mickle honesty

Ye never saw green cheese but your e'en reel'd  
 Ye're as daft as ye're days auld  
 Ye're a good seeker but an ill finder  
 Ye're nae chicken for a' your cheeping  
 Ye're like Mackay's mare ye brake fairly aff  
 Ye're good enough but ye're no braw enough  
 Ye're no sae poor as ye peep  
 Ye're of sae mony minds ye'll never be married  
 Ye're never pleas'd fu' nor fasting  
 Ye're unco good and ye'll grow fair  
 Ye're sair fash'd hadding naething together  
 Ye're no fed on deaf nuts  
 Ye're busy seeking the thing that's no tint  
 Ye're like the hens ye rin aye to the heap  
 Ye're fear'd for the day ye never saw  
 Ye're best when ye're sleeping  
 Ye're a sweet nut if you were well cracked  
 Ye're no light where lean a'  
 Ye're come aff the house of Harletilhim  
 Ye soon weary of well doing  
 Ye'se get your brose out of the lee side of the po  
 Ye shape shoon by your ain shachled feet  
 Your tongue's nae slander  
 Your tongue rins aye before your wit  
 Ye watna where a blessing may light  
 Ye was never born at that time of the year  
 Young folk may die, but auld folk maun die  
 Young ducks may be auld geese  
 Your meal's a' deagh  
 Your head will never lill your father's bonnet  
 Your thrift's as good as the profit of a yell hen  
 Your wame thinks your wysen's cutted  
 Your purse was steeked when that was paid for  
 Your gear will never o'er-gang you  
 Your minnie's milk is no out of your nose yet.